



Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel, photos by Sandy Easterbrook

White Birch (*betula papyrifera*)

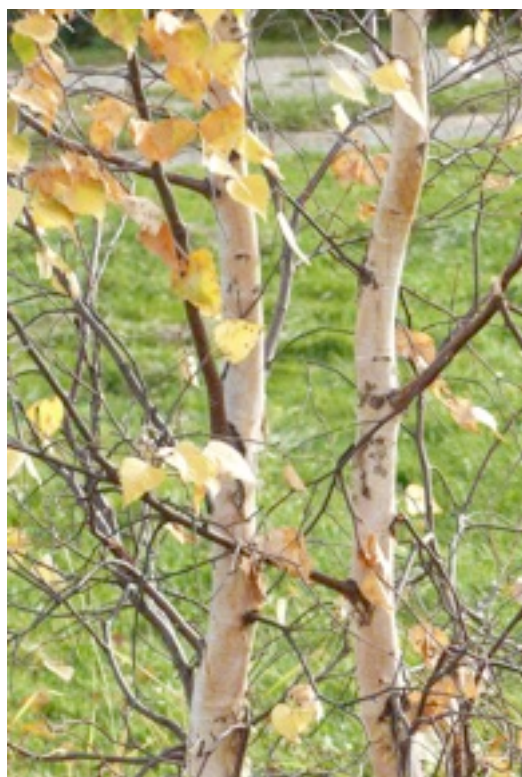
My first acquaintance with the White Birch was as a Boy Scout honing my skills at lighting camp fires. Thin curls of dry birch bark proved even better than paper for starting a fire with the single match we were allotted for the task. Even in rainy weather, birch bark seemed to get the chore done. As Scouts, we were never taught the finer art of birch bark canoe construction, as the scrubby specimens of birch growing in the coulees of Central Alberta would hardly have provided sufficient bark for that activity. Since moving to Bergen I have not encountered many natural stands of birch near the farm, but one does not have to travel far to the west or north to find these handsome trees.

Ten species of birch (genus *betula*) are native to Canada, with six of these being actual trees and four being simple shrubs. The White Birch is the most widespread, with a range extending right across the country and dipping into the northern States. White Birches grow in a wide variety of soils and conditions, although their requirement for water is higher than many other trees. White Birches thrive in full sunlight, and hence tend to show up as a pioneer species in burns

and clear cuts. They subsequently become more restricted as maturing conifers eventually push them into shade. Although White Birches may

grow to 90 feet in height, more generally they average around 60 feet high, with a diameter of less than two feet. The leaves are ovate with serrated edges and are a dull, dark green above and a pale, yellow green below. In autumn they turn a bright yellow.

The bark of the White Birch is its most distinguishing feature. The thin, reddish-brown bark on the trunks of saplings turns chalky white with pale brown horizontal lines, and separates into papery strips as the trees mature. The bark easily peels off in large strips, which exposes a dark red inner bark. The tough, pliable outer bark played a crucial role in establishing Canada as a nation. Indigenous people developed birch bark canoes as a principal means of water transport, and these were quickly adopted by early European explorers and fur traders to access and lay claim to the interior of the country. Natives found multiple other uses for this versatile material apart from canoe building, including wigwams and other shelters, baskets, boxes, drums, cradles and



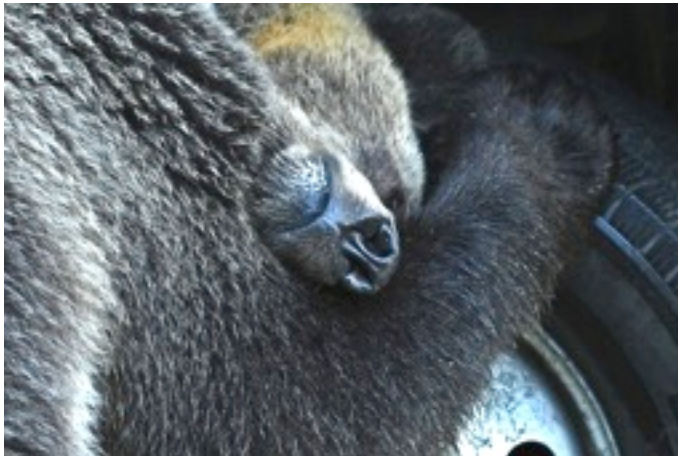
Wildlife Treasure

photos and text by Karen Fahrlander

Do Animals Have Feelings?

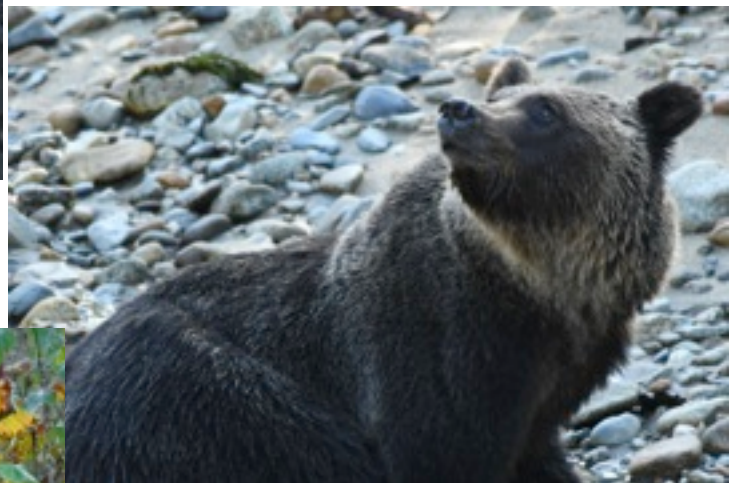
After spending a considerable amount of time observing and photographing creatures, I can say without a doubt that animals definitely have feelings. The following examples from my own experience give further support to this statement.

A group of photographers gathered to take a photo of a Rough-Legged Hawk who was perched on a power pole. Usually hawks fly away as we approach. However, this particular hawk showed curiosity about four people with their long, black tubes! We stared in awe as the hawk flew toward us and hovered just a meter above our heads. (photo 1) Rough-legged Hawks have proven to be the most curious hawk species. That certainly wouldn't happen with a Red-tailed Hawk, unless it was a juvenile.



Late one afternoon, when we were finished observing bears, we had to wait to board our van because a mother Grizzly was enraptured with smelling and rubbing herself against the van's tires! Bears are innately curious and smell is one of their strongest senses. This remains one of my fondest memories of this tour. (photo 2)

On the same bear tour, a helicopter hovered very close to a young male Grizzly. The bear gazed up in fear as the



helicopter continued to hover directly over him.

A mother Grizzly is one of the most protective mothers. She knew that a male was in the area and came closer



to our small group, perhaps thinking we could protect her.

I have witnessed young foxes rolling and tumbling in play. Loons are incredible parents as they teach their young to dive for food, fly and protect themselves. Loons mate for life and mourn the loss of their partner by staying close to the nest or area waiting for their mate to return. Hawks and geese will also mourn the

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White Birch continued from page 1

coffins. Birch bark “megaphones” were used to imitate the call of female moose when hunting. Early settlers found that the porous, creamy white wood of birch had excellent machining qualities, took a good finish and readily held screws and nails. Birch wood currently finds usage in making plywood, veneer, furniture and toys as well as dowels, pallets and pulpwood.

White Birch is not as hardy a tree as many other of our native species. It is quite susceptible to environmental stresses such as acid rain and insect infestations. It is not unusual to see an older tree with the top broken off and rot setting in. Both the Bronze Birch Borer and the Birch Leaf-miner can wreak havoc on White Birch. The borer in particular is a serious tree killer, as this small beetle drills directly into the tree’s circulatory system and blocks the flow of sap. Leaf-miners lay eggs in the leaves of birch trees and the larvae consume the leaf upon hatching.

Larger animals will also dine on birch, including moose who use birch bark as a staple winter food. Rabbits, porcupine and beaver eat the inner bark. Yellow-bellied sapsuckers drill holes in the tree to get at the sap, which is also tapped by humans to make birch syrup. Despite all these attacks, the average lifespan of a tree is around 80 years, not so different from us humans.

EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie

THE DOGGIE DOOR

I loved that long stretch of nice weather this fall, didn’t you? But nothing lasts forever and I have begun to feel my winter coat growing in nice and thick. I guess my person must have felt it, too, because one day she came home from town with a bulky package with these words on it, “Doggie Door: Extra Large.” What!? Oh-oh. Who do we know that is an extra-large doggie? I began to worry. What is she up to this time?



A few days later my male person came over with some tools and, as I watched in stunned disbelief, he went to work and sawed a hole in the wall of the garage. Was he losing it completely? That fairly new garage already had three door-holes in it, two for vehicles and one for people. Why did it need yet another hole? And this door wasn’t even tall enough for a person to walk through.

Okay, I admit it, even as dogs go, I am not the swiftest in the pack but suddenly I put two and two together and came up with five. I *knew* what was going on. They were going to expect *me* to use this door.

Oh no, esteemed owner. Not on your life. Now, don’t get me wrong. I like the garage. My big doghouse is in there and I often go in for a peaceful sleep in the summer when one of the big doors is open. And I know that garage is heated, too, so it would be quite nice in winter.

However, I am *not*, let me repeat, NOT about to push that panel aside with my delicate nose and crawl in like the cats do with their door in the house. It is undignified.

Well, then my training began. I mean my training of the person. She crawled around like an over-sized badger trying to show me what to do. I *knew* what to do—I just didn’t plan to do it. Then the male person got involved and the two of them managed to convince me that, if they put me in the garage through the people door, I would have to use the doggie door if I wanted out. However, getting me to go *in* through the door is another question. Let’s just say it is still a work in progress. (I have received quite a number of nice biscuits in the form of bribes).

Humans really are slow to learn, aren’t they?

If you have comments on anything that you read in the Bergen News, send your response to The Bergen News, ljsyer@telus.net or the Bergen News c/o Marilyn Walker, Box 21, Site 9, RR2, Sundre, T0M 1X0.

FICTIONAL TRAVEL

by Marilyn Halvorson

I have never been a big-time traveller. Yes, there are places I would like to see but, unfortunately, that would mean leaving home and I seem to be attached here with an invisible bungee cord these days. Travel would mean leaving the dog—I know many people take the dog along but probably they don't have a hundred pound plus farm dog who distinctly smells like a dog. And there are the cats...Not to mention the fact that good old Covid seems to have put a snarl in most travel plans these days.

However, in spite of all these obstacles, I have been fortunate enough to become acquainted with a number of places across the continent. How? It's simple. I read. As well as providing intriguing murder stories in his Alex Delaware novels, Jonathan Kellerman escorts me all over the sprawling city of Los Angeles. I have visited the estates of the multi-millionaires and the pre-war cracker-box houses of the poor. Just name a street in L.A. and I think, oh yeah, I've been there.

J.A. Jance gives me a geographical choice—rainy Seattle or bone-dry Arizona. I can get mentally tied up in traffic in Seattle with detective J.P. Beaumont while trying to get across Lake Washington which sits inconveniently in the middle of that city or I can get swept away in a flash flood in Arizona as I cross a usually dry gulch with Sheriff Joanna Brady.

I have visited old Quebec City in the dead of winter with Louise Penny's famous detective, Inspector Gamache. (I found the history there interesting but the weather was even worse than ours.)

Another author competing for "setting with the worst weather" is Steve Hamilton whose tales are usually set in northern Michigan, near the shore of Lake Superior. His descriptions of snowstorms in supposedly spring months made me feel right at home.

Author Nevada Barr is all over the map with the scenes in her novels which feature U.S. Park Ranger Anna Pigeon. With stories set everywhere from Glacier Park in the northwest to an island in Lake Superior, Barr, who has been a Ranger herself, gives us the condensed book version of a trip that would take years to complete. An added attraction for me is that Anna expects no special consideration because she is a woman but will fight it out with her adversaries, hand to hand if necessary.

Best of all the scene-setters is James Lee Burke. In over 20 novels Burke takes us along for the ride with Cajun detective Dave Robicheaux. Sometimes Robicheaux is involved in events in the fascinating—and dangerous—city of New Orleans but his home is a few miles away in New Iberia on Bayou Teche. Robicheaux lives life on the edge and Burke's stories are violent and, as they love to warn on the TV News, may be disturbing to some. Nonetheless, if Burke wasn't a novelist he should be writing poetry. His lyrical descriptions of the land, the water, the clouds, and the wildlife of the bayou country transport me there, even in the most chilling Alberta January.

These are only a few of the places I have recently enjoyed and not once have I been required to quarantine after one of these trips. (Although the books have to undergo a quarantine after being out of the library.)

So, when you start feeling trapped in your "bubble", spread your wings and break out. Library cards are free!

Bergen Coffee Time
Wednesday Mornings
10:00—Noon
Bergen Hall

Coffee, Tea and sweet treats are available.

Musings: The Good Old Ice Cream Pail

by Phyllis Cormack

Ice cream—a universal treat with a benefit. Not only is this dessert item delicious, the container it comes in is very useful.

When I was a kid, my parents milked cows and took the cream to the creamery in Sundre. Upon occasion they would purchase a cardboard tub of vanilla ice cream. These tubs held two to three gallons. I still have a couple of these tubs which I use for garbage cans in the basement.

Fast forward several years and here we are scooping this treat out of plastic pails. The first pails were a fairly heavy coloured plastic with metal handles. They were great for many jobs including berry picking. The lids ensured the berries didn't spill. Fortunately, I still have several of these pails and I keep them specifically for that purpose. The ice cream pails you get today are not as dependable. They are pretty flimsy and the handles will pull out of the pail when you least expect it. Snapping the lid on will help it keep its shape, however, one must support the bottom to avoid accidentally spilling the contents.

We used to buy 10 lbs. of honey in ice cream pails. On many occasions I have carried salad, gravy, mashed potatoes, soup, and who knows what other food items in an ice cream pail. They can also be used for freezing baking, soup, etc. if you make a big batch. You can deliver a meal to a shut in and not worry about getting the pail back.

It is also handy to use as a scrub pail. You can give them to the grandkids to take to the river or beach as a sand pail. They hold nails, screws, fencing staples, and a myriad of other bits and pieces.

You can feed your horse oats or fill it with chicken feed, or bird seed or plant a flower in it. Take it to the garden when digging potatoes or gathering other vegetables for a meal.

Such a variety of possible uses. Be warned, however. There is a caution—the plastic gets brittle with age. One day you pick it up and the side will crack wide open. Even though I knew this was a problem with said container, I neglected to heed my better judgment and took one of the “weak” pails cranberry picking this fall. And, true to form, I lifted it up by the side instead of the handle and—yes it proved me right—the side cracked and most of my berries spilled out on the ground. So I picked my berries twice. I hope I've learned my lesson.

It seems nothing is perfect—ice cream pails are no exception. No matter, they are a very useful addition to everyday living.

The Bergen Farmers' Christmas Market

Saturday, November 28th

10:00 a.m. — 1:00 p.m.

Vulnerable customers may shop from 9:45—10:00

Bergen Hall

The market looks and feels a little different from previous years as we adhere to physical distancing regulations. But the determination of the vendors to be friendly and helpful remains the same.

For up to date information check our website www.thebergenmarket.ca or on Facebook.



THE TRANSFORMATION

by Noreen Olson

For all the years that we actively farmed, we had hay and grain, kept cows and calves and fed out our steers. This meant that there was never any off season. While we miss our lovely sleek cows and admire other people's adorable, bouncy calves, there are aspects of the operation that I, at least, have managed to do without. November was the time to sort and wean and separate calves, with the whole herd gathered in the corrals. Ralph had to turn to whatever assistance was available, and that was usually me. It seems now, that this operation always fell on a bleak, cold, damp day. On just such a day, about 20 years ago, I struggled into my ratty chore clothes, decided which pair of rubber boots was least likely to cripple me and found a toque and gloves.

At this period in her life, our daughter was Executive Director of Legal Archives of Alberta. The office was in Calgary but the annual dinner and gala was held in the MacDonald Hotel in Edmonton. One of Kirsten's duties was to plan and organize this event and she thoroughly enjoyed doing so. Supreme Court judges, Alberta's leading attorneys, political leaders, people of influence, sponsors, and brilliant guest speakers were among the guests. Invitations, the programme, place cards, menus, settings, and flowers all needed to be arranged. It was a glittering event involving weeks of preparation for her entire staff plus a couple of temporaries. And so, while I was out there in the cold November morning, clad in my rubber boots and ancient chore coat, nose running, wading through mud and cow poop, yelling at calves, barring gates and whacking angry cows, Kirsten was checking final details and packing her car for the trip to Edmonton.

We were pretty well finished by lunch time and when we came in, the phone was ringing. "Mom," Kirsten said, with only a trace of panic in her voice, "Laura is sick and can't help. Can you meet us at the Carstairs overpass in an hour?"

While Ralph made some sandwiches I showered, towel dried my wash and wear hair, selected what I hoped was the least dowdy of my Marriage Commissioner outfits, packed a toothbrush and nightgown and climbed into the car. Kirsten and a couple of her staff members were waiting at the overpass and we were on the way. The Ballroom was lovely, filled with linen draped tables, crystal, silver and flowers and we had lots of time to make the final arrangements. A massive tray of boutonnieres and corsages was on a table by the entrance and my assignment was to pin them on the guests as they arrived, trying where possible, to match colours. I didn't know any of these people but I recognized several of them and I tried to refrain from gawking and saying things like, "Holy Cats, is that a real diamond?" But as I pinned a white orchid to the shoulder of a dress that undoubtedly cost three times more than the entire contents of my closet, I couldn't help but think, "Lady, if you knew where these hands were this morning..."

I had a lovely dinner at a table in a corner and we stayed overnight at the hotel and brought home a couple of massive flower arrangements. I went again two years later, but that time I had a better job. I looked after my beautiful eight month old grandson.

THE CRIMSON LURE

by Marilyn Halvorson

All throughout history the human race has risked life and limb, destroyed families, and lost fortunes, all in pursuit of one thing: Gold. That is, all of the human race with at least one exception: the people of Bergen.

Every autumn, when the trees blaze with colour and the air smells of fallen leaves, the people of Bergen get a strange look in their eyes and start to collect ice cream pails and water buckets. It is time for the annual migration to the pine forests of the high country. Clad in their worst clothes and most comfortable shoes and packing enough picnic food for a week's expedition, they pile into their SUVs and 4x4s and head west.

The word is out. Cranberries are ripe!

What is it about these shiny red spheres that so captivates Bergen hearts? Whatever it is, it has been luring the people of Bergen to the hills for as long as there has been a Bergen. I have heard stories from back in the early twentieth century of groups of families hitching up the wagons and heading for Heyner's Ridge (near the Fallen Timber Campground) with a cargo of washtubs, milk pails, and cream cans, all to be filled in the cranberry patch.

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Spooky Tales for Hallowe'en

by Sandy Easterbrook

Hallowe'en, or All Hallow's Eve, can be a time to meditate on what we don't know...what happens to us in the afterlife, whether our souls or spirits have any cognizance of what is occurring on earth, whether the dead can communicate with the living. While the celebration of All Souls' Day on November 1st has gone out of favour in Europe and North America (but not Mexico or South America which traditionally had a cult of ancestor worship), we are still fascinated by ghouls, goblins and offerings of sweets. The following stories did not occur on Hallowe'en. But they are spooky enough to tell around the campfire or when the kiddies are tucked into bed after trick or treating. Both experiences happened to me. If you have similar stories to tell, I—and other Bergen News readers—would be delighted to hear them.

Villach is a small city in the Austrian Alps. In the early 1970s, while hitch-hiking for a year in Europe, my partner Bob and I spent a night in an old-fashioned hotel there. The bedrooms had high ceilings and lots of dark furniture; the hallway was a wide, carpeted *galleria* with sconces along the walls, walnut wainscoting and straight-backed chairs lined up along both sides. In the middle of the night—wouldn't you know it?—nature called. I trotted down the dim hall in my nightie, making for the washroom at the far end. On one of the chairs sat a man wearing a black frock coat, a stiff collar and a vest. He nodded at me and raised a shortish top hat. I nodded back at the man but suddenly realized that this presence was in the wrong place at the wrong time. I turned to look at him again, but he had vanished.

Of course I was terrified to make the return trip to the bedroom. I dashed from the bathroom down the hall, then forced Bob to get up and check the chairs. But there was no sign of a supernatural being. I wish I had had enough German to ask staff the next morning whether anything untoward had happened at that hotel.

The next event occurred even further back in my lifetime, when I was an adolescent. My family owned a lodge in the Laurentians; it had a cozy reception room surrounded by a wide verandah. On this particular night, my siblings, and a friend and I were settled in the reception room, as a storm was building and no one felt like going out. We decided to create our own Ouiji board using a shot glass for a pointer and numbered or lettered scraps of paper. To make the atmosphere even spookier, we turned off the lights and lit a fat red candle.

The game got off to a slow start but, as the wind picked up, the board also seemed to pick up speed and accuracy. Finally someone dared to ask, "Is there a presence in the room?" The answer, of course, was "yes". "Tell us your initials," my sister demanded. The shot glass glided to "W", then "M". It took us a while but we finally concluded the spirit had to be Willy Morrow, the man who had owned Deershead Lodge before my family.

"If you ARE Willy, prove it!", commanded our friend. Immediately there was a blinding burst of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder that shook the verandah.

"Look at the candle," my sister gasped. The taper had split in half. But, oddly, each half bore a wick running down the split, and both wicks were alight. That was the end of the Ouiji session, and I have never wanted to play since. My sons have quite a collection of factory-made Ouiji boards at their Museum of Fear and Wonder, and they always give me the shivers.

Happy Hallowe'en to all of you, although it's anyone's guess whether children will come knocking at the door this year. Just beware of things that go bump in the night!

The Crimson Lure continued from page 6

I remember my mother talking about riding horseback with my dad across the swamps of Bear Valley—and feeling distinctly uneasy as the soggy ground trembled beneath their horses' hoofs—all to pick cranberries on the other side. They carried sacks or pillowcases across their saddles to bring the berries home. And what other berry would be so firm and obliging as to endure that kind of treatment?

Almost a century later, the cranberries are still there. That is, in a good year they're still there. Recently there has been a sort of cranberry drought with many of the tried and true patches coming up empty. But the rainy summer of 2020 injected new life into the old patches. Anyone I spoke to who went seeking berries was amply rewarded. We walked, we bent, we stooped, we crawled—or just sat down PLOP in the middle of a patch. Some of us groaned the next day and sought the liniment bottle.

We had again succumbed to the crimson lure—and it was all worth it.

Bergen Church News

by Phyllis Cormack

The Bergen Church is located on the Bergen Road one mile west of the Highway 760 intersection. For Sunday morning services please go to our website <http://bergenmissionarychurch.ca/> then click on the Facebook page where alternative services will be listed.

Bergen Church is now open for services every Sunday starting at 10:30 a.m. The pew chairs have been rearranged to allow for social distancing. Families are allowed to sit together. Hand sanitizer and masks are at the door.

We do have excellent Children's Features that provide wonderful informative stories for both children and adults and children's church is now held for the younger ones during the service.

Friday night youth group has started gathering under the direction of Adam Elliot, our youth pastor. His phone number is 403-438-7729 if you have inquiries.

The Sundre Ministerial is a team of churches in the Sundre area who want to help during this difficult time. If you find yourself in need of help, whether physical or emotional, please feel free to contact this number and they will be able to direct you to an appropriate resource: 403 636 0554.

You can also go to the Sundre Ministerial web page – sundreministerial.blogspot.com - if you'd like to contact a church directly. Click on 'Church Listings and Links'.

If you want to donate food to the McDougal Chapel food bank, it can be taken to the Chapel. There is a door bell you can ring to alert them that you are there.

Our prayer chain is still operating so, if you have prayer needs please call or email Leila Schwartzenberger at 403-638-4175 or leila@processworks.ca

Olwyn is in the church office Tuesdays and Fridays, 10:00 – 2:00 p.m. The church's number is 403-638-4010 and the fax number is 403-638-4004. The email address is bergenchurch@xplornet.ca.

The website is <http://bergenmissionarychurch.ca/>

Bergen Ladies Aid Report

by Phyllis Cormack

It was an absolutely gorgeous, golden day when we held for our first meeting of the fall in Liz Cunningham's home. It was so good to get back together after the summer.

Marilyn Halvorson read Genesis 1 to open our meeting, then we stood and prayed the Lord's Prayer.

Our standard roll call response in September is to tell of our summer activities. Eleven ladies gave accounts of how they spent their time, ranging from trips fairly close to home to the usual gardening and time spent with family.

Betty Josephson read the minutes from our June meeting and Maureen Worobetz gave us our financial standing.

The Hospital Auxiliary report informed us that we will no longer be needed to volunteer at the Thrift Shop on Fridays and Saturdays as it is closed those days. There is a possibility that they are going to close on Mondays too. That is yet to be decided.

We admired the wool quilt that Lynn Whittle had sewn around. To date we have two wool tied quilts, two large stitched quilts and a couple of baby quilts. Our group received a generous donation of fabric and other quilting items this past spring.

A discussion followed in regards to our annual auction which we have every November. Most of our expenses are minimal so we have no need for a sale. It's an uncertain time with Covid19 and no one knows what will be happening in another two months, so we agreed it best to not have a sale this year. Really breaking with tradition, you might say, as we haven't missed having a sale since perhaps WW2. A tough decision.

Plans for our next meeting were made. Shelley Ingeveld will host the meeting in her home. She is to read scripture and partner with Marilyn Halvorson to supply lunch.

We sang *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*, then enjoyed the lovely lunch provided by Liz and Olwyn Gale and a great time of visiting.

The Battle of Mosquito Hill

by Shari Peyerl

Recently, I engaged in a life-and-death struggle up on the hill I call home. Two opposing forces enacted the classic pattern of conflict: the offence seeking to raid a territory and exploit its residents versus the defence striving to defend land and liberty. As always, the hazards of war inflicted collateral damage and led to unforeseen consequences.

After a stressful work-week, I had collapsed on the sofa to while away the evening in mindless pursuits. The smell of campfire wafted in as my son returned from an appropriately socially-distanced club meeting. We exchanged grunts as he proceeded to his bedroom, and I continued my meditations.

Before long, an intruder bounced along the ceiling, safely out of firing range. Another foreigner was highlighted by the up-beam of the floor lamp. My eyes darted from one to the other as they conducted reconnaissance maneuvers. A minute later, a third attacker joined their ranks. Unable to observe them all at once, I retreated behind the safety of my bedroom door.

Cleaning and vacuuming the house consumed the next day, and the lack of enemy sightings lulled me into a false sense of security. However, hostilities resumed that evening when I was roused from my TV-induced semi-vegetative repose by the taunting presence of one of the previous night's visitors.

It seemed to be flying solo. With the odds now in my favour, I surveyed the room for weapons. Dragging a bench to the lowest area of the cathedral ceiling and retrieving a nearby tea-towel, I climbed up and swung the fabric at the marauder. I misfired several times; however, the snapping towel eventually coincided with the disappearance of the aviator. Unable to locate a corpse, I fell back to my sofa to await developments.

Soon, I spotted a dark presence on the curtain. I jumped up and swatted, and the crumpled body of my opponent fell to the floor. Gloating, I reclined on the couch. Another shadowy being traversed the ceiling. I waited for it to descend and then leaped up to repeat my towel tactics. After several misses, the raider vanished again. The battle waged on into the night, each apparent kill negated by the eventual reappearance of the assailant. Finally, too tired to continue, I stumbled to bed.

The following morning, I returned to the battlefield and assessed the damage: chairs askew, tables overturned, dislodged cobwebs dangling from the walls, and ceiling popcorn scattered everywhere. All of yesterday's cleaning was wasted. With a sigh, I drew back the curtain to shed more light on the situation, and spotted my opponent! I slammed my palm against the sheer with a victorious "Hah!" Pulling the other drape back, a new invader was revealed. It suffered a similar fate, its carcass smeared across the fine weave, beside the evidence of a past encounter with a moth.

Having fended off the invasion, the first order of business was to remove the physical remains of the conquered. This entailed washing the sheers. As I lifted them gingerly down, the intense morning light revealed thick dust and cobwebs on the rod supports and curtains.

How did the drapes get so dusty? I tried in vain to recall the last time I had washed them. During their construction 16 years ago, I had devised a removable liner so the cotton fabric could be laundered. Evidently, it was now time. To reach the first of five panels, I had to move a table out of a tight corner, which exposed an area of the rug that obviously had been neglected for quite a while. I perched precariously on a stool, reached above my head, and removed the curtain, showering everything in another layer of dust. Into the washing machine went the first load, and out of the closet came the vacuum cleaner once more.

Slowly, I progressed around the area removing curtains, vacuuming, wiping, washing, and drying. I dragged the ironing board and iron out and pressed each freshly laundered panel before I rehung it. Fatigued, I finally surveyed the spotless room. All the hard surfaces were bright and reflective. All the colours were vivid and clear. All the curtains were two inches too short! — Oh, the cost of war.

Submissions of articles or comments can be sent via email to ljsyer@telus.net, snail-mail to Marilyn Walker, The Bergen News, Box 21, Site 9, RR 2, Sundre, T0M 1X0 or call Marilyn Halvorson at 638-2245. If you would like a subscription, it is \$15 which can be sent to our snail-mail address. Remember, subscriptions are coming due for this year. Your subscription expiry date will be highlighted on the label. Thank you for your continued support.

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loss of their partner.

Great Gray Owls have flown directly toward me, while I was photographing them, most likely curious about who and what I was all about.

These are just a few personal examples of animals showing curiosity, mourning, happiness and fear. When you think of your pets, I'm sure the unique personality of each animal you have come to know remains forever imprinted with you. I have heard many similar stories, proving that animals are sentient creatures, when people stop by to share their animal experiences with me at the Bergen Farmers' Market.

In 2018, New Zealand declared all creatures to be sentient. New Zealand also banned the use of animals in testing and research. In 2019, Canada declared that marine creatures such as whales, dolphins and porpoises can no longer be held in captivity due to their sentient nature.

Numerous studies have proven that animals are sentient beings. Marc Bekoff, emeritus professor at the University of Colorado, Boulder, is one of the pioneering cognitive ethologists in the United States. In 2013 he stated,

In June, during a series of lectures I presented in Germany, a number of people asked questions of the sort, "Isn't it about time we accept that animals are sentient and that we know what they want and need? Shouldn't we stop bickering about whether they are conscious, feel pain and experience emotions?"

Of course, this isn't the first time I've heard those questions, and my answer is always a resounding, 'Yes.'

Scientists do have ample, detailed, empirical facts to declare that nonhuman animals are sentient beings, and with each study, there are fewer and fewer skeptics.

The database of research on animal sentience is strong and rapidly growing. Scientists know that individuals from a wide variety of species experience emotions ranging from joy and happiness to deep sadness, grief, and post-traumatic stress disorder, along with empathy, jealousy and resentment. There is no reason to embellish those experiences, because science is showing how fascinating they are (for example, mice, rats, and chickens display empathy) and countless other "surprises" are rapidly emerging.

The time is now to shelve outdated and unsupported ideas about animal sentience and to factor sentience into all of the innumerable ways in which we encounter other animals. When the Cambridge Declaration was made public, there was a lot of pomp, champagne and media coverage. There is no need to have this fanfare for a Universal Declaration on Animal Sentience. It can be a deep, personal, and inspirational journey that comes from each of our hearts—and such a realization has a strong, and rapidly growing, evidence-based foundation.

The animals will be grateful and warmly thank us for paying attention to the science of animal sentience. When we listen to our hearts, we are recognizing how much we know about what other animals are feeling and that we owe it to them to protect them however we can. Please, let's do it now. It is easy to do and we can do no less.

The entire article can be found in **Psychology Today**. It was adapted from "**A Universal Declaration on Animal Sentience: No Pretending**" It can also be found on the web: <https://www.livescience.com/39481-time-to-declare-animal-sentience.html>

For further reading:

Sentience and Animal Welfare by D. M. Broom

Grizzly Heart, Grizzly Seasons, Learning to Be Wild by Charlie Russell

Beyond Words by Carl Safina



The Bergen News is very grateful for the rural community grant received from Mountain View County to assist in our operating costs. Thank you for your continued support.

Ride With Me

by Donelda Way

Ten crows flew out of the ditch away from road kill. Less than a quarter of a mile further along, another ten crows flew out of the ditch away from road kill. And further along, ten crows scanned the world from the bare branches of a poplar tree.

We counted eleven motorcyclists in single file along Fallen Timber Trail. The bikes were similar, the attire, including the riders' helmets, were similar to others we had seen. The major difference was observing this group riding on a week day.

"This is the season for cattle drives." "How do you know that?" "There are stains spotting this road."

Licence: ODE 2 JOY

I had deposited some books in the library exterior bin. A little girl walking the parking lot curbs stated, "We are balancing." I explained, "When I was a child I practiced balancing on a gas station curb that was this high." Her brother and I used hand gestures to establish the height. "That was high," he said with a smile. Their grandma and I agreed—all children balance on curbs.

Along Twp Rd 310: A lady at the fresh spring water site smiled and waved at me. As three deer crossed the road, I imagined hearing their hooves clicking on the pavement.

Fallen Timber Trail: Stretches of smooth gravel billowed dust during the dry weather. A dozen white and black magpies flew single file over the S curve. A brush sweeper was moving excess gravel off the road and shoulder.

Carstairs Blindline: Mist had descended into the valley, leaving a veil over the distant views. Serenity.

A bucket-load of rocks had recently been dumped at the top of a culvert. A man was hand-arranging the rocks along the sides and down to the bottom of the culvert. That's work!

Fallen Timber Creek Bridge: I waited on the east side to give a pickup truck and large stock trailer time to cross the bridge toward me. I continued to wait while a skid steer driver conversed with a dump truck driver. A decision was made and I was waved through the narrow space between the units. Then the truck began dumping his load into the south ditch. I waited on the west side of the bridge to make sure the bulldozer pushing the dump truck up the ditch/shoulder incline onto the road was successful in that manoeuvre.

As I walked past Tranquillity Spa: Two tall, pointed cones positioned on the floor near the window dazzled my eyes. Bright sunlight was shimmering off their diamond-shaped, glassy coverings. A plane engine changed speed above me. I looked up to see the plane tilt its left wing as it curved around. This single engine plane made three passes for me to enjoy hearing and viewing.

The pickup box was loaded with unwanted items we had cleaned out of a shed. During our travel to and from Terra Metals near Olds we saw: calves nursing; leaves gently sifting off trees; a flag man over-riding the traffic light near the Little Red Deer Store. This helped even out the flow of traffic from each direction. I commented on how little the square bales looked in the distance. They were spaced so evenly. We moved with great slowness while following a tractor pulling a trailer on the incline of a long hill. Numerous birds gathered on the water of a roadside pond. A young lad with a blue and red umbrella appeared, walking at the top of the ledge along the perimeter of the metal yard. The noisy machine with the magnet removed a car from a trailer. Another dangling magnet gathered a few loads of piled scrap metal and deposited everything into a rectangular collector bin to be transported elsewhere.

A large, dark brown moose stood alert, watching something in the distance across the expansive open space.

Didsbury: Mom was digging the potatoes that her son was gathering. He piled the potatoes closer to his younger sister who was placing them in containers. Dad appeared to be helping (or supervising). Dad said something and they all burst into happy smiles!

Westbrook School driving northward on Hwy 22: The eastern sky became darker and darker. Turning west onto Burnt Timber Trail, I scanned the valley and marvelled at how many trees had become bare of leaves. The sky was still a nice blue. I turned onto Rge Rd 53 to follow it toward Fallen Timber Trail. The road surface was dry. WOW! I came to a quick stop to take a photo of a fast fading rainbow!

Glenbow Ghosts

by Shari Peyerl

Miss Uphoff wafts briefly through the history of Glenbow like a ghost. She appears out of nowhere, suffers a tragic accident, and then vanishes from the historic record. Even her true name is unknown.

On Thursday night, 21 March 1912, Miss Uphoff was travelling with her sister—Nellie—aboard the eastbound No. 14 express train, en route from Vancouver to Winnipeg. At 10:15 PM, the train rushed through Glenbow. Miss Uphoff did not.

The next day, word of her unexpected arrival in Glenbow travelled far and wide. A newspaper in Nelson, B.C. reported: “Lady Somnambulist Meets With Serious Accident on Train—Is Much Injured.” Addressing less scholarly readers, the headline in a Saskatoon paper announced: “Stepped Off Moving Train: Young Woman Performed Tragic Act While Asleep.”

According to the newspapers, 38-year-old Ethel Uphoff sleepwalked off the train, clad only in her nightgown, and fell down a 30-foot embankment. She apparently suffered a broken arm, dislocated hip and internal injuries. However, she was able to crawl to a nearby deserted building, seeking shelter from the freezing weather, before she lost consciousness.

Meanwhile, Nellie had alerted the CPR employees of her sister’s disappearance, but their search of the train had proved fruitless. At 7 AM the next morning, the injured woman was found at Glenbow by the CPR section foreman, Edwin Chapple. She was attended by Dr. Park, and brought to a nearby residence to await the 11 AM train to Calgary, where she was admitted to the General Hospital.

Initial news reports of her condition were dire, but within a week, the increasing likelihood of her recovery caused the news agencies to lose interest.

Hospital records held only a few more tantalizing clues to her story. They listed the wounded woman as Anna Uphoff (with no trace of an *Ethel*), her place of birth as Chicago, and her profession as nurse. She spent a month in the hospital, before she was discharged. Then she disappears into the mists of history.

Despite being haunted by this saga for over a decade, I have been unable to reliably identify either of the Uphoff sisters before or after their apparition at Glenbow.

Bergen Community Association News

by Maureen Worobetz

Nine members came to our October meeting.

For new Hall bookings: the Reimert family is planning a celebration of Ann’s 90th birthday for November 14th.

The Christmas Farmers’ Market is to go on November 28th.

We had to reprioritize our needs and wants for the Mountain View County grant. Due to Covid 19 we were unable to carry out our original plan, and Gerald Ingeveld was busy redoing quotes to accomplish much needed projects. These include the north wall into the kitchen, redoing the stage floor, getting the yard weed spraying done and looking into a Bergen Hall road sign to be placed on the Bergen Road.

Shelley Ingeveld is investigating getting an ebook version of our history book.

Raymond Cormack is getting our fire extinguishers recertified.

We decided on a bonfire and sing-along to replace the annual Christmas concert this year. It will be on December 5th at 2:00 p.m. Mark your calendars for a fun time with hot chocolate and goodies supplied. There will be no Santa.

Meghan Vesey noted that the Bergen Hall website had 1700 hits on Google!

Coffee morning is a go and will be held every Wednesday morning from 10:00 a.m. to noon.

Dieu Phan is planning to lead yoga at the hall in November. Contact her if you are interested.



Look What's Happening at the Sundre Library

For information or to register visit our website:
www.sundre.prl.ab.ca or call us: 403-638-4000

Open Hours:

Monday 1—4:00 PM
Tuesday 12:00—4:00 PM
Wednesday 12:00—4:00 PM
Thursday 1:00—4:00 PM
Friday 1:00—4:00 PM

Beekeeping 101

Tuesday, November 17th, 6:30 – 8:00 PM
Sundre Library
Learn about the world of bees. Must register.

November Surprise Kits! (ages 4-7, 8-12)

Pick-up November 24th-27th
Sundre Library
Take-home craft/activity kits. FREE.
Reserve online by Nov 13.

Rhyme & Rhythm! (preschoolers & parents)

Thursday, November 19th & 26th,
December 3rd & 10th, 9:30 - 10:30 AM
Sundre Library
Themed rhymes, stories and crafts.
Register by Nov 13th.

Genealogy

Tuesday, November 24th, 10:00 AM
Sundre Library
Must register. Learn strategies for successful ancestry searches.

Sign up to receive our monthly newsletter in your inbox
<https://parklandab.wufoo.com/forms/library-connect/>

To mask or not to mask...that is no longer the question

by Bob Griebel

I read with interest and amusement Phyllis's musings on navigating the arrowed aisles of our local IGA, and her dilemma about mask wearing. True, there is conflicting information about mask wearing on the internet, but there is also conflicting information about whether our planet is an orb or a flat plate. The bulk of rigorous, scientific evidence strongly indicates that a barrier over the nose and mouth prevents or dramatically reduces the intake of salivary droplets infested with thousands of viral particles if anyone in the vicinity is infected, and likewise reduces the number of viruses we spew into the respiratory tract of others should we ourselves be infected, whether we are symptomatic or not. We all would rather not be wearing a mask, but given the alternative of becoming infected or infecting a friend, family member or stranger, it seems that tying a bit of paper or cloth over our facial orifices is not asking a lot.

PLEASE mask up when indoors and in the company of others outside your "pod". Let's avoid a second wave that could be even more disastrous than what we've already experienced.

The Kitchen and the Woods

by Pat Gibbs

Did someone say it was October? How did that happen? We were just planting the gardens and mowing grass! I think because September is such a busy month of canning, taking in the gardens and all the clean-up involved with that, the days fly by. We feel the cool winds from the north blowing in, and of all things, we sniff that wind to see if there may be moisture coming as well. We're not called country bumpkins for nothing! We have some instincts just like our animal friends.

Al and I were very thankful for our gardens and fruit crop this year, as well as the opportunity to pick some local berries. Al decided we should try out some pressure canning and bought us our first pressure cooker ever. I heard stories about these scary vessels back in the day and so was hesitant at first to use it. But Al said, "We better get at it", so we did. It hissed and spit and snorted and scared the daylights out of us both 'til we got the hang of things. It kept us both hostage in the kitchen for the first three batches of pickles and carrots. But, I can now say with all honesty, "What a lovely contraption!" Not wanting to waste speared potatoes and weird-looking carrots, we canned the lot of them! Beets and zucchini invaded my kitchen. Who planted all that stuff anyway? In the spring, the seeds are so light and, in the fall, the produce is sooo heavy. Perhaps it's us guys just tired out from doing summer projects. Every now and then I go out to the woods with my lunch and coffee and just sit on a log and be still with only my squirrel friends and nature to look upon. This is so refreshing for both body and soul. Al and I went out picking cranberries with friends one day and it was wonderful to just sink in the moss and pick these beautiful berries. Lunch and coffee together....well, it was the nicest restaurant we could be in!

October can be a beautiful month, a month that reminds us of how thankful we should be for all God has given us each and every day in one way or another. A lovely brown butterfly and a big blue dragonfly gave me such joy this week. I'm sure all of us can find much to be grateful for and, rebel that I am, I was loving and (oh my goodness) hugging my friends and family and thanking the Lord for each of them this Thanksgiving. I hope you all had a blessed day too.

'Til next time.....

Coming Events

November 28th — Bergen Christmas Farmers' Market — Bergen Hall — 10:00 - 1:00

December 5th — Bonfire and Sing-a-long — Bergen Hall — 2:00

December 6th — Outdoor Community Carol Service — Details in the November Bergen News, or call 403-638-2356 for more information.

Wednesday Coffee mornings — Bergen Hall — 10:00 - noon



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Long-tailed Weasel photo by Gwen Tomlin.

[Legacy's](#) 2021 calendar features 56 full-colour photos showcasing places, plants and wildlife in and around Mountain View County.

Legacy's goal is to conserve ecologically, agriculturally and historically important lands. Money raised through calendar sales supports local land conservation and stewardship.

Copies are available for \$20 each at the office in Olds (4801-49th Ave) or (403) 556-1029. You can also order through [Sally Banks](#) (403) 638-4736.

An Unexpected Visitor

by Evelyn Mill

A ruffed grouse "blew" through a double paned window in my living room, tangled itself up in my sheer curtain then ended up on its back on a decorative plate on an end table. A whole new twist on pheasant under glass—grouse under sheer. It lay there for a bit then flipped over and stared out at the world with a feather dangling out of its beak. I threw a sheet over it and headed for cover while I waited for reinforcements. I am deathly afraid of birds, so I holed up in my spare room with the door closed until my neighbours came, removed the offending thing and jimmy rigged my window for the time being. These birds are not noted for being particularly bright. It survived and flew away to come back and haunt me another day.

